

## HOW WISE MEN RISE

From the Lowly and Adverse Circumstances

## TO PLACES OF CONSEQUENCE

A Review of the Writers of Today and Their Splendid Achievements in Business.

Writers and editors of today differ widely from those of the last generation, but it must not be supposed that rumormongers of the profession of letters when bohemianism found the good taste to withdraw. Many of the names associated with our leading magazines bring good stories to the memory of him who knows the secrets of the inner circle.

Take the case of J. Brisson Walker, the editor and proprietor of the *Comptroller Magazine*. He has had a career remarkable in some of its phases of change and contrast. Few men have



JOHN BRISSEON WALKER.

had so wide a range of experience, and I know of no one who has ever made such a success as he has made after many years of relative failure. There is no trace of any of his remarkable trials and experiences in the stern lines of his regular-featured face. There is hardly a gray hair in his short black locks, although he must be today in the neighborhood of forty-four years of age. He has been throughout a man of remarkable fortitude and self-reliance.

A Pennsylvanian by birth, at the age of ten Mr. Walker entered a classical school in Washington, D. C. He pursued his studies at various schools for the next ten years, finally resigning from West Point in 1868 to enter the military service of the Chinese government at the suggestion of Hon. Anson Burlingame, who was on his way around the world as a bachelor of that country, accompanying Hon. J. Ross Browne. Returning to the United States in 1870 he engaged in manufacturing in the Kanawha valley, took an active interest in politics and was nominated for congress. In the panic of 1873 and 1874 he lost his entire fortune. Turning to the nearest work at hand he prepared a series of articles for the *Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette* on the mineral and manufacturing interest of the country.

Mr. Walker shortly afterward became managing editor of the *Telegraph*, and early in 1876 was made editor in chief of the *Washington (D. C.) Daily Chronicle*, and for three years was engaged in journalism. In 1878 he removed to



HENRY MILLS ALDEN.

Danvers and engaged, in a small way, in alfalfa farming. He was a pioneer in the introduction of that wonderful plant, and gave his farm his closest personal attention, wearing overalls and flannel shirt, working in the ditches, or spending his day on horseback, and at the end of ten years making Berkeley farm the largest alfalfa farm east of the Rocky mountains. At the same time he was engaged in a series of engineering operations which secured from the Platte river an area equal to more than five hundred lots, adjoining the Union depot of Denver and almost in the heart of the town.

With the large capital acquired from the sale of his property he has come to the rescue of the *Comptroller Magazine* and has made it a handsome financial success.

For more than twenty years Henry Mills Alden has been managing editor of *Harper's Magazine*. With the solid fulcrum of such a publication, even clumsy leverage would insure commanding influence, but he would be a positive force in almost any sphere of human activity. He is in complete harmony with the traditions of the great publishing house. These traditions foster but one identity—that of the magazine itself. On the surface the individual has no existence; he is simply one of the hidden springs contributing to the vast ocean of literature which sweeps over the Harper pages. So it

All ages, and all conditions of womanhood will find just the help that women need, in Dr. Foster's Favorite Prescription. That's a matter that's guaranteed. If it can't be done, then the medicine costs you nothing, for its makers don't want your money.

Get it, if you're a tired or suffering woman, and get well. It builds up and invigorates the entire system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. And two critical periods in a woman's life—the change from girlhood to womanhood, and later, the "change of life"—it is a perfectly safe and an especially valuable remedial agent, that can produce only good results.

For all the arrangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to the sex, "Foster's Prescription" is the only remedy so certain that it can be guaranteed. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. You pay only for the good you get. Can you ask more?

happen that the managing editor, in that capacity, is a comparatively unknown man. He and his associates are seen and known only by the few. They are so inaccessible and so far beyond the reach of accidental discovery that, without a guide's services, they are entirely safe from intrusion.

Daniel O. Beard's "Moonlight" is beginning to be spoken of frequently in literary circles and among those who enjoy discussion of social inequalities. "Moonlight" could not have been produced by anybody else but Dan Beard, and to read it is to get a fair view of the author. He is the son of J. H. Beard, N. A., and was born 40 years ago in Cincinnati. His childhood was spent in that city and at Painesville, O. He was educated in the public schools of Cincinnati and at Prof. Worrall's academy in Covington, Ky., where he studied the higher mathematics and prepared himself for his profession as civil engineer.

With the visions of big suspension bridges, massive aqueducts and difficult railroad tunnels floating through his head, he accepted a position with Mr. Earnshaw, C. E., in Cincinnati, and for weeks dragged a heavy iron chain over the dusty limestone roads and quarries, or with a bulky sledge drove the oak stakes home in the mud of Mill Creek bottom. He left Mr. Earnshaw to take a place in the office of R. C. Phillips, at \$4 per week, an advance of just 600 cents on his previous salary.

It was during this period that social problems excited his interest, and he never missed an opportunity of interviewing employers and workmen in the shops, the mills and the mines. He soon afterward took a position in the city civil engineer's office, and then one in the planning commissioner's office, under Gen. Hickenlooper. Later and more remunerative professional engagements brought opportunity for travel, which he eagerly accepted, and in the next five years he visited almost every city, town and village between the Mississippi river and the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico and the great northern lakes.

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## FADS OF THE FAIR

The Latest Thing to Reign in Paris.

## BLACK AND WHITE GOWNS

The Bonnets They Wear With Them. Pretty Sunshades—The Girl in Pink Muslin.

There's a black rage in Paris; it's the style to look as if you were in light mourning, there, whether it's so or not. All the toilets one sees are black of some description, or black and white; that is, all but the hats. A woman may go out deeply and solemnly robed in a garment that one would surely suppose to be worn as a token of grief



THE PARISIAN GOWN.

until one's eyes reached the headgear, when its light and brilliant coloring would immediately dispel the effect. They're not a bit consistent in gay Paris, else one might think they had at last reached a period of sobriety and common sense; that they had concluded to be more like their English sisters, and settle down in quieter and more subdued colors. But when a woman wears a black gown and a hat containing several colors of the rainbow in bright display, there is little foundation for the belief, after all.

A dress that has just come here from that city, one that will be worn by a gay city belle at a very quiet little watering place, is in soft foulard silk, of a big black and white and gray plaid; at least, the plain skirt is of this material. The long bodice is of black mousseline de soie, and is gathered in at the front in loose folds. The edge is scalloped all round with white. Down the front a double jabot of black and white chiffon, with a scallop the same as that at the edge of the bodice, is fastened, belted in by a sash that starts wide and high under the arms, and narrows off and ties in a stiff bow at the front. I had a peep at the hat, too, that is going to be worn with the dress, but it wasn't gay, as I expected it would be. It was just a very tiny, flat shape, covered with soft, gray lace, trimmed with black jet flowers and black ribbons.

And then I scanned a pretty black chasuble that was coming out at a dinner; it had a long silk over jacket that came way down over the lace skirt, but was open a little at the front to let the lace come through.

I saw another of black crepe—the soft, silky, flimsy kind—of princess cut,



TWO DAISY SUNSHADES.

all folded and gathered close into the left shoulder. Over it went a deep white collar of sheer batiste, edged with lace points.

There's something about black that attracts one, and daisies are beginning to take up the French fad. There's nothing like gray black against an exquisitely fair skin, especially these summer evenings, and so the summer girl, knowing full well the value of looking her prettiest and most captivating in the warm season, speedily orders two or three thin black gowns among her summer wardrobe.

Even in the hot city one sees considerable of it. I saw a couple walking before me this morning that made a charming picture. The man was clad in a light, cool summer suit. The little woman by his side was gowned all in black, but she looked as cool and charming as if the thermometer had been sixty instead of ninety. She was a genuine Gretchen, sweet and plump and fair, with a faint color on her cheeks and a pure gold in her hair. Her dress was of black faille, made very simply, with deep black jet points at the edge of the skirt, the same deep points around the bodice's edge and also at the neck. But what was most attractive was her perfect neatness. Although her train was very long, there wasn't a speck of dust on it—she held it up so well—and I caught a glimpse underneath of a dainty, spotlessly white skirt—a most refreshing sight after our fussy little ones. Her little russet ties had a black bow at the end, and her black lace bonnet had faint blush roses standing up from it. The two looked so comfortable and so happy that I followed them a long time, watching them as they talked easily together, and catching the look of distress that came over her face when the lace of her tie loosened. She stopped right away to have it fastened, and I heard her say: "Tis it tight, as I passed them and went on, wishing all women would look as pretty and dress as quietly as this one. Say, don't you love parasols? Even

if you haven't the remotest idea of buying one, isn't it delightful to pick up a lot of the pretty things and open and close them with a snap, and hold them behind your head and admire yourself in the mirror as you twirl one, all puffs and ruffles, over your shoulder? It is nice to have one for every gown, but if that is out of the question, why, do the next best thing and pick out a pretty one that will harmonize with most anything. That is what a friend of mine asked me to do for her, to purchase a parasol that she could wear with all her summer gowns, and I stood and hesitated long before these two.

Number one—White chiffon ground, and over it, star-shaped, so as to cover almost all the ground, Irish point of exquisite pattern; jabots of chiffon running from center to edge at wide intervals; two short flounces of white chiffon; innumerable fine white ribbon loops in the center, on top of the stick; stick in cream, well thorned, with an onyx ball at the handle.

Number two—Black moire, all covered with black lace, put on like palm leaves; each palm leaf trimmed with a ruffle of crepe lace around the whole parasol; the stick black bamboo, with fancy carved handle.

"Which of the two would you have chosen?"

I chose the white one at length, for I knew the maiden had a favorite dress that would doubtless be seen on many occasions, and that would look particularly well in connection with this white sunshade. The color of the dress is a pale pink, and its skirt has no train, for she wants to run over the shining sands without holding up. It has a very deep ruffle of the same pink as the dress—a thin, fine muslin—headed by a closely-twisted muslin rope. At the belt is a narrow band of pale fawn velvet. The neck is cut in a rather low V, and a pretty lace fichu falls over the shoulders,



THE FAVORITE PINK GOWN.

and knots itself carefully in front. Her sleeves come only to the elbow and the lace ruffles do not bring them down very much farther, so that she looks cool and airy on the warmest of days. And when she shall raise that white sunshade over the pretty figure and take a stroll over summer piazza or green grass, there'll be no resisting her, I know. EVA A. SCHUBERT.

Could Retaliate. Mother Simpson had sent to Boston, and bought a new "set of china." There it was, in its glory of white and gold, nobody knows how many pieces; enough, apparently, to set a table for "all the king's men."

"But don't it seem a sinful waste, sister?" asked her brother's wife, who was still using her old "mulberry pattern." "You've gotten along in years, and you won't need no chiny long." "I may not need it long, but I need it now, and I have needed it for forty years," returned Mother Simpson, stoutly. "You don't know how I've been cramped, Lavinny!"

"Well, I don't jestly see how," said Lavinny. "You've always set your table, an' eat off on't, an' that's all any of us do."

"Set my table! Yes, but have I ever given a party? Now, Lavinny Edwards, here I've been invited out over'n over again, an' now I can retaliate!"—Youth's Companion.

Afraid of Knowing Too Much. Attempts at educating the English yeoman do not always meet the encouragement and success they deserve. The conservative are going to give us more free education, Jones," says an enthusiastic young member of the Primrose league to her father's estate carpenter. "There is to be a carrying class, and you must go and learn to make all sorts of beautiful things, and then if you are laid up in the winter at any time you can amuse yourself and earn money by your carving." Jones promises reluctantly and as if he was doing the young lady a great favor.

"How did you get on last night?" asks the girl a few days later. "Well, miss, I didn't go. I thought it over well and made out if I went I might get to know too much, and that ain't good for anybody."—Chicago Tribune.

A Model Malay Village. A dispatch from Singapore says that the Sultan of Johore, one of the most prosperous states in the east, situated in the western part of the Malay peninsula, is causing to be prepared for the Chicago Columbian exposition a model Malay village in which the trades and industries peculiar to the Malays will be carried on by natives. It is highly probable, the dispatch adds, that the sultan himself will visit Chicago during the exhibition.

I've Got Her on My List. I know a little girl. Who's down upon her list. And if she'd but say yes to me, She'd never more be misad. Large Family.

Patsy Dooley was a very poor arithmetician, and was puzzled by a great many questions of numbers which did not enter other people's heads. One day a new acquaintance remarked in his presence: "I have eight brothers." "You have eight brothers?" said Patsy. "Then I suppose every wan o' them has eight brothers, too?" "Certainly." "Arrah, then," said Patsy, "how many mothers had the sixty-four o' yer?"

The Way Drugs Are Sold. Twyn—I hear that Sumway's book is a drug on the market. Triplet—He gets ten times the value for it, does he?—Jury. All That Was Necessary. "Willie, do you know your letters yet?" "No, sir. But the postman does, and he always tells."—Harper's Bazar.



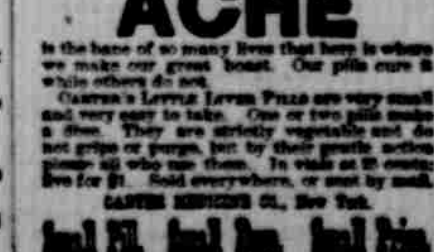
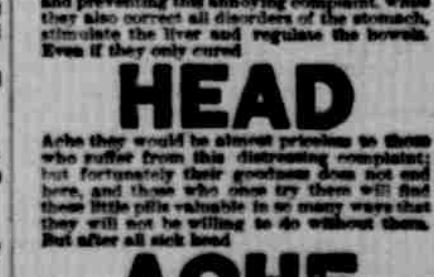
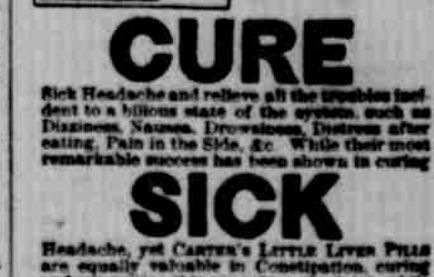
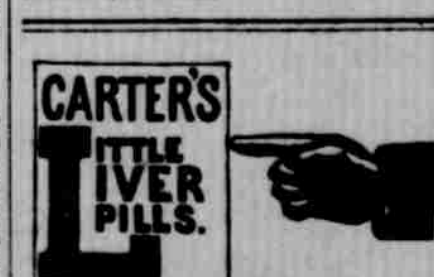
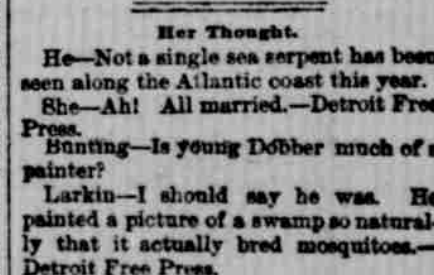
## ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Proud Drillsman.



# CURRENT NEWS.



We have made the year conspicuous for its bargain opportunities. The bargains presented from time to time have cost unremitting effort to obtain, and it is extremely gratifying to know that our exertions have been appreciated. Today

## THE SILK DEPARTMENT

is literally teeming with bright offerings, fresh from the looms of the renowned makers of both hemispheres. The story of money-saving is aptly told in every yard of silk upon our counters. Beauty, quality and freshness being in company with low prices, the presentation of the day will be found more acceptable than any we have previously made this spring.

## ALMOST ALL THE PARASOLS

(And we have a world of them.) will be sold this week at figures that will turnish lively and interesting topics for conversation in every household where one is purchased. Ladies will certainly discuss the subject during calls and at society gatherings. We like to surprise our friends by telling something startling, and here is an opportunity to both surprise and benefit them. We show all qualities and styles, beginning at 25c.

## RAIN AND SUN UMBRELLAS

Follow closely in price interest. You can own a good rain umbrella at any of these figures, 50c, 63c, 79c, 94c, \$1.10 and \$1.29.

## OUR TOILET DEPARTMENT

Wins many admirers and firm supporters. It is one of the most popular features of our business, (grown up almost out of necessity), and rich in its returns to our numerous patrons.

## The Newest Odors.

## The Most Fragrant Perfumes.

## The Finest Bay Rum.

## Refreshing Toilet Waters.

Our charges for these reliable goods furnishes the incentive to buy here.

## LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR

Will be crowded to the front this week. If you need lighter undergarments at all, July is the month. Prices tumbling all along the line.

Gentlemen are sometimes timid in a dry goods store. Such a world of feminine fixings might frighten one not accustomed to seeing them, but the store caters to the gentlemen also, and we would like you to come in when you require

## Neckwear, Underwear,

Or Furnishings of any kind. Our prices are very low on these goods, made so by our habit of selling everything at close prices.

## ECSTASY.

When you jump from the luxurious bath your first thought is for the bath towel, a good generous one that will quickly absorb the water and gently bring your flesh to a red, healthy glow. We have them: large enough to completely hide you; rich enough for a Turkish rug. From these luxurious towels, you can get them all sizes and prices. This week we will make special prices on several qualities. Examine those we offer at 9c, 13c, 21c, 27c and 32c.

Much rain quite exhausted our stock of storm garments. Another large fresh invoice has just been received with complete line of sizes.

## Inverness Rain Coats, Superb Mackintoshes

## We Sell Demorest Sewing Machines at 19.50

Equal to any \$55.00 machine. All latest improvements, full set of attachments and fully warranted. Hundreds are using them. They all testify to their many advantages over other makes, not the least of which is the difference in price. Cost just as much to make them as any machine in the country. It's the selling that tells the story of no rents, no agents, no commissions and no profits. It's you we want to benefit.

